

FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES



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THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY

Vol. VIII, No. 6

February 1, 1898

Price 10 cents

Table of Contents

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| NOTES | 233 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | |
| PATRIOTISM AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS | |
| SYDNEY BROOKS | 239 |
| THE UNSULLIED BROW OF THE VICEROY | |
| EDWIN LEFÉVRE | 240 |
| CRITICISM CHARLOTTE PARKINS STETSON | |
| LAURENCE JERROLD | 242 |
| LETTERS IN PARIS | 243 |
| TWILIGHT | 243 |
| MADISON CAWEIN | 244 |
| THE PODMORE LETTERS III | |
| ON THE NEED OF A HELPFUL CRITI- | |
| CISM | 245 |
| A PLEA FOR THE SEMICOLON | |
| E. H. MULLIN | 247 |
| THE CAPTIVE PARROT EDWIN L. SABIN | |
| H. S. S. | 248 |
| THE STORY OF JESUS CHRIST | |
| THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION | |
| GELETT BURGESS | 250 |
| REVIEWS | |
| FAUNTLEROY IN LATER LIFE | 251 |
| THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR | 251 |
| DEATH'S JEST BOOK | 252 |
| ROMANCE AND LOCAL COLOR | 252 |
| BOYS AND GIRLS | 253 |
| PICTURESQUE SICILY | 253 |
| THE ARYAN'S EVOLUTION | 254 |
| THE INSURGENTS MUST FIGHT | 255 |
| THE FINAL WHITMAN | 255 |
| MISCELLANY | 256 |
| BOOKS RECEIVED | 257 |

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Two dollars per year, in advance, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada; to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, \$3.50.

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Advertising rates to be had on application.

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Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

NOTES

THE DEATH OF LEWIS CARROLL should not be passed over in silence. The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, to give him his proper name, was born in 1832, graduated from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1854, with a first class in mathematics, and settled down in the university for the next twenty-six years as a mathematical lecturer. In 1881 he resigned and spent the remainder of his life in the charming village of Guildford in Surrey, doing some mildly clerical work. He wrote and published several mathematical treatises of great value, but it is of course by his nonsense verses that he will be best remembered. *Alice in Wonderland* appeared in 1865, and was followed seven years later by its continuation, *Through the Looking Glass*. Then came the *Hunting of the Snark*—to mention only his best known works—and after that, in 1883, *Rhyme and Reason*? Of these the two first were easily the most popular. They were translated into every European language, and reached all over the English-speaking world. Lewis Carroll had a command over rhythm as complete and a turn for phraseology as happy as either Calverley or Praed; but his chief virtue lay in his unique sympathy with childhood, and his power of rendering it with all its simplicity, incoherence, extravagance, and imaginativeness.

THE CONQUERORS has undoubtedly stirred New York as no other play has for many years. Letters have poured into the newspapers in condemnation of its flagrant taste, and a lively interchange of insults between Mr. Frohman and his critics has resulted. The play is merely a collection of highly wrought situations, too violently concocted to be probable and too gross to be artistic. Mr. Potter had at one time the reputation of being able to handle a dubious subject with an almost Parisian delicacy. If he ever really had the ability he seems to have lost it now. The main situation in his play, from whatever standpoint one views it, except Mr. Frohman's standpoint of the box office, is excessively offensive. It is simply a piece of brutality coarsely and clumsily treated, and the play itself, though crudely effective at times, has no detailed connection with sobriety or even probability. Such as it is, however, New York has been pressing to see it, the same New York that refused in horror to

sit through *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Paris would have thrown it out at once as barbarously vulgar, but nothing offends New York's aesthetic sense. The first fruits of the theatrical trust have begun to show themselves.

AT THE FAMOUS BARRIE FESTIVAL in the Aldine Club, Dr. Robertson Nicoll in his easy, after-dinner style remarked that "There are two kinds of criticism, each necessary and useful in its way. There is the criticism which guards the doors of fame, which applies catholic and permanent standards, which refuses to be carried away by the clamor of the hour. We need such criticism and are prepared to honor it. One great English journal, in the course of its long and honorable career, has steadily pursued this policy of scrutiny. It has discouraged many young writers who deserved to be discouraged and many who did not deserve to be discouraged; but so far as I know it has never, in all its history, brought prominently and generously before the public any new writer who could afterward look back and say that the paper had been the making of him." The journal to which Dr. Nicoll referred so cavalierly was, of course, the *Atbenæum* and the *Atbenæum* has just been celebrating its seventieth birthday, an almost phenomenal age for a purely literary paper. Looking back on the literature of England since 1828, the *Atbenæum* claims that it slew the dragon of Trade Criticism; that it has preserved a singular "unity and continuity of tradition," thinking pretty much the same to-day of Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Wordsworth, and Tennyson as it did when these poets were first reviewed in its pages; and that it has persistently kept itself aloof from the "insolent and vulgar slashing which the half-educated amateur thinks so clever." In unconscious refutation of Dr. Nicoll's charge the editor declares that the *Atbenæum* "has never mistaken any one of these luminaries for a meteor, though not being infallible, it may occasionally have gazed through its amiable glass at a meteor like Alexander Smith and hailed him for a new 'unfolding star.'" That, we believe, is literally true. It is at any rate certain that the *Atbenæum* has always been a remarkably dignified and scholarly journal, has always ranged itself on the side of literature as against the Nicolls of this world, and by exact and independent criticism has made itself the most valued and authoritative literary organ in the English language.

THE CASE OF CRITICISM in America is far worse than anything the *Atbenæum* had to encounter. We have at least three dragons to its one. Trade criticism flourishes among us to-day more openly and viciously than it dared to even in the England of the early thirties. Far more

insidious, and, in the long run, far more baneful is that other form of criticism which Dr. Robertson Nicoll has made so enthusiastically his own—the perpetual detection of "promise," the slapping on the back of wearisome novelists who write morally, the ingenious forcing of the young plant till it blossoms in opulent mediocrity. With what endless frippery and gossipy twaddle this literary paternalism is bound up, we all know to our cost. The most popular literary journal in the United States spends most of its time making "discoveries," and booming third-rate writers who appeal to its unfathomable love of mawkishness. And side by side with Nicollism comes its twin-brother, Log-Rolling. This disease, too, has fastened upon us with a virulence hardly exceeded by London itself. You cannot pick up an American critical journal, with the exception of the *Dial*, and not find in it one popular novelist throwing bouquets at another popular novelist or minor poet—A. expressing his opinion that his dear friend, minor poet B. is the sweetest songster since Shelley. And if you care to wait a few days you will see that B. always finds an opportunity of saying that A. is a second Browning. We need not one *Atbenæum*, but several, to encounter this three-headed monster, for, young as we are, we have skimmed the cream of the literary vices of all ages.

THE ACADEMY has carried out the only part of the plan for forming an English Academy that was feasible, and even welcome. It has "crowned" one book with an award of one hundred guineas and another with just half that sum. It would be well for the future peace of the literary world if all Academy-builders were compelled to deposit a similar amount. An English or American Academy of Letters is, and always has been, and we hope always will be, nothing more than an editorial joke. A fine of one hundred and fifty guineas for each repetition of it would soon send journalistic enterprise scurrying off into other directions, and put a stop to what has become almost a triennial nuisance. The Academy was prepared to pay for its pastime, and asked the assistance of several literary men in awarding the prizes. It proposed to honor the two best books produced in 1897. The gentlemen appealed to sent in the most bewildering diverse answers, eleven of them naming twenty-five different authors. *Admirals All*, a volume of patriotic verse by Henry Newbolt, was suggested by Andrew Lang, Hugh Chisholm (the editor of the *St. James' Gazette*), and Davenport Adams. *The School for Saints*, John Oliver Hobbes's new novel, received the votes of W. L. Courtney and Davenport Adams. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Zangwill were in favor of *What Maisie Knew*. Henley's edition of Burns, W. B. Yeats's *The Secret Rose*, and Joseph Conrad's *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*, likewise numbered two supporters apiece. Single mention was also made of

Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa* and Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. Otherwise poetry and fiction ruled the selections. In the face of this expert confusion the *Academy* wisely resolved to decide for itself, and in the end awarded the first prize to Mr. Stephen Phillips for his new volume of verse, and the second to Mr. Henley for his masterly edition of Burns.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY would do dramatic art in this country a great service if he would rise and explain why he decided to put *The Merry Wives of Windsor* on again, and he would do another service by explaining why, after reaching this decision, he deliberately passed over the best Falstaff of recent years, Mr. William F. Owen, now a member of his company, and gave the part to Mr. George Clarke. It would be a mistake for him to try to explain why, in the body of the comedy, he interpolated a duet from Nicolai's opera. No manager could explain that. The best he could do would be to live the memory of it down. That is more than those who have heard the duet sung by the two youngsters in Mr. Daly's company will be able to do. But let us not blame them. When Miss Lucette Fairfax came from England she thought she was going to act for Mr. Daly, not, with her delicate little pipe, to assist in a musical burlesque. And as for her companion — well, he was probably engaged to sing ballads, and it would be a pity to blight any ambitions he may have for a future at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Of course, it is sacrilegious to speak disrespectfully of the Shakespearean comedies, yet the fact remains that much of their humor is sheer ribaldry, and long ago ceased to amuse. Mr. Daly, however, will not allow his patrons to be shocked; so he has fumigated old Falstaff. Mr. Clarke has gone a step farther and taken all the unction and juice out of him. The result is that the Falstaff of the Daly revival is a dead thing. Miss Rehan would perhaps not be wise to resent this, for it throws into relief her own performance as Mrs. Ford, which was, in her very best manner, deliciously spontaneous and free from Reheanisms of speech and style. Of late, Miss Rehan has shown that she can really speak the English language; she used to speak a jargon of her own, with the combined accents of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and London cockney. As Slender, a character that any actor of sense must hate to play, Mr. Wilfred Clarke made a hit; he played it with relish, as if he liked it. Mr. Joseph Herbert, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Catherine Lewis, and Mrs. Varrey distinguished themselves, but in the thankless part of Ford poor Mr. Richman was utterly extinguished. Little Miss Fairfax made a genuinely sweet Anne Page, but, if Mr. Daly ever asks her to sing again, the best thing for her to do will be to ask Mr. Charles Frohman for an engagement.

TEN YEARS AGO JULIA MARLOWE made her first appearance in New York City as an actress. Some of the critics praised her enthusiastically, but she won only a success of compliment. When she went to Boston, however, she was received with acclaim. Philadelphia also made a pet of her. In these, and in a few other cities, she has continued to hold popularity. Nevertheless, throughout the country she has never been a favorite. She has stood among those actresses that a small number of theater-goers appreciate but the great public refuses to take seriously. Until *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* was produced last year, Minnie Maddern Fiske was one of the melancholy band. And yet, even more strenuously than Mrs. Fiske, though of course without her genius, has Julia Marlowe labored in her devotion to the best in the drama. She has not only adhered to the standard Shakespearian rôles, but she has also striven to find and to produce modern plays of merit; she has kept herself surrounded with good actors, and her productions have shown painstaking intelligence and a nice taste. Think of the courage she displayed in producing *Colomb's Birthday* before a public that knows the name of Browning chiefly through its association with a stale joke on Bostonian "culture."

At last Julia Marlowe has "scored" in the most Philistine of American cities! Three years ago, the New York playgoers, after emphatically rejecting her, consented to receive her with half-apologetic favor. Now they are crowding the Knickerbocker Theater, where she is playing *The Countess Valeska*. How she must exult as she stands in the wings every night before going on! A month ago it looked as if her youth would pass in the bitterness of disappointment. Her new play, from the German of Rudolf Stratz, has saved her. It is one of the very few romantic dramas of merit that we have had in this country since the craze for romance took possession of the English-speaking world. Unlike most pieces of its kind, it does not insult your intelligence every other minute. And yet throughout it is intensely dramatic. Stratz has treated his heroine with very great respect; he has ignored the story of that little affair with Napoleon, and presented Valeska as a great-hearted woman, who, in devotion to her country, goes farther than any woman is ever expected to go in the drama, speaking the word that is sufficient to send her lover to death. This supreme moment is reached by steps that make a natural and an absorbingly interesting progression. On the very day when Valeska is to receive as her guest the great Napoleon, whom she looks upon as the preserver of her country, she is forced to give shelter to her lover, known as "the tall Prussian." As soon as she discovers, however, that the Prussian has become involved in a plot to assassinate the Emperor, the inevitable conflict takes place. Stratz has handled it superbly, making most effective use of the woman's

terror and hesitation, of the lover's reckless security and defiance, and finally of the wild burst of patriotism that rouses the whole castle! He has, moreover, succeeded in letting his drama down in the last act, without the least suggestion of weakness. Indeed, in the handling of the essentials of the plot there is no sign of the faltering hand. This is shown only in the treatment of the meager comedy which has almost nothing to do with the real business of the piece, and which the author himself is probably ashamed of. Miss Marlowe deserves credit for giving an ungrateful public so neat and so effective a piece of dramatic craftsmanship. The swift action afforded opportunities, which were skilfully realized, for pictorial display and varied movement, and the dramatic situations enabled the actors to show what they could do out of Shakespeare. Miss Marlowe herself has done better work in New York, but her performance displayed her capacity for expressing emotion with sincerity, if not with great power, and her usual discretion in never undertaking more than she can accomplish. The company had evidently been thoroughly drilled, and two members gave particularly fine performances, Mr. Bassett Roe and Mr. Alfred Kendrick.

THAT IT IS ONE OF THE EASIEST THINGS in the world to write a successful play has assumed the dimensions of a popular superstition. To cast doubts upon it is to fly in the face of experience. Does not Mr. Lincoln J. Carter, with a host of his fellows, live and thrive in its disproof? He, like the others, neither has nor pretends to have knowledge of national or personal character, of theatrical tradition or history, of unities or consistencies. Given a somewhat complicated piece of machinery large enough to jeopard a human life—a saw-mill, say, or an ore-crusher, or a locomotive, or some atmospheric calamity like a cyclone—and a play follows, as the night the day. Nor does there appear any possibility of making an end to his productions, until the entire genre of mechanical devices and meteorological phenomena is exhausted. And if Mr. Carter can keep a score of companies traveling from place to place, everywhere "enthusing the people," in a favorite phrase of his, why not Tom, Dick, and Harry, or Bess, Mame, and Ethelinda? Why not, indeed?

Some of the results of this reasoning are sufficiently curious to deserve comment. There is nothing in the world more amusing than these queer plays. If unexpected turns of thought, delivered with unctuous gravity, have anything of wit, nothing wittier than they can be written. Moreover the opportunities are so great as to possess the element of grandeur. The verse produced by a poetaster is often funny, though he have only distortions of the rules of prosody to bring him to ridicule. By as much as the drama is more complex than common metre, by so much does the 'prentice playwright win honors from

the poetule. Imagine the state of mind of the Chicago man who published a play last winter with six hundred speaking parts and instructions for putting five thousand persons on the stage at once. His means were so limited that he was obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing his *dramatis personæ* in print. Another, a woman in Michigan, wise enough to ask for anonymity, distributes so many scenes through the five acts of her melodrama—there are five in the second act alone—that its presentation would assume Chinese dimensions. Then comes Mr. Willard Douglas Coxey, who finds it in him to indite *Zenobia, A Tragedy*, and to preface it with this "Note."—Although the battle of Marathon has been utilized as the background for the play, no effort has been made to be historically correct, either in the characters or the action. The critical student of history will also discover some very apparent anachronisms, which can only be excused on the ground of dramatic license. W. D. C."

All these implied promises the author keeps—to the foot of the letter. But anachronisms are of no consequence beside the lyrics with which, following the most august models, the play is interspersed. Here is a specimen:

"Six months wedded are Draco and Zenobia.
Draco loves the lady—the lady loves not 'he.'
Theodosia, Draco's niece, despised, is filled with
jealousy,
And e'en a witless slave can tell that trouble's
sure to be."

This was sung just before the battle of Marathon:

"Oh, tender the heart that loves, itself—
It judges others kindly;
Old age and youth are wed in vain
When lovers go it blindly."

Miss Julia Terry Hammond is the author of *A Close Shave; A Drama in Four Acts*; Written for the Negro by a Negro. The rising curtain discovers the parlor of the home of Phillip Mainwright, a person of color, and a barber. In it, during the first act, he gives his wife a cottage at the Beach, for which he has recently paid \$15,000 "cash," arranges to have his "young lady daughter" spend the winter in Italy with Bertha Clay—inspiring name!—and asks his adopted son to accept a yacht at his hands. Nor is there anything to show that this was an unusual evening in that sunny southern home. But the second act comes on apace; trouble in its train. Courtney, "a young white man," tells Phillip in his own shop that he is "only a monkey." Then

"Phil. (pausing.) Sir, do you intend that for a jest, or are you in earnest?

"Court. Of course I am in earnest.

"Phil. Sir, I would not deserve the name of man if I did not seek to assert myself in this instance."

Such language as this can have but one outcome, and in the fight which ensues Courtney is cut by

something which the probabilities point out as being a razor. Phillip's person is extricated from the melee by the adopted son, who thenceforth takes up the saving of the life of one parent or the other as a serious occupation. During the third act he does nothing else, Courtney finding him uninterrupted employment. There is a noteworthy touch during one of these episodes. "What was your father, your grandfather before you?" demands Mrs. Mainwright of Courtney, as he is about to put her to the torture. "Stop, woman, you are going too far," he replies. "They were only embezzlers." In the concluding act Courtney, ill and injured, staggers to the gate of the man he has so lately set fire to, among many other things, and the curtain falls upon the rendition of "Home, Sweet Home," by the full force of the company.

Cibububa: A Social Drama, Mr. Chester Gore Miller's title page sets forth as his "Dramatic Work, the First." "The few typographical and other errors that may be found in the book," he hastens to add, "will be corrected in the next edition." Fond hopes, frail as fond! Yet Mr. Miller has talent and it lies in the direction of sententiousness: "I would say that of him who can dissemble successfully, Nature has conferred a priceless gift," is one of the three mottoes of the play. The Dedication is short, but striking:

"To one of the dark agencies of life;
I inscribe this epitome of much."

The Prologue has for its principal sentiment what Mr. Miller calls "that triumvirate of words," *e pluribus unum*, to-wit, concluding with an Advice to the Players, as follows:

"Now, leading man, do not swagger
When you characterize Mr. Sumner. Neither
Weary your audience with long speeches
And lengthy, tiresome discourse;
For much herein was writ to cut."

Without stopping to detail a plot which is, indeed, the "epitome of much," an extract may be given to indicate the style.

The whole concludes with an *Epilogue*, from which the following is snatched:

"I am good, generous at times; in the
Countless ways, that generosity and forbearance
Is loved to be received by him or her or brute. . . .
"How many sympathize with me? a great many;
How many dare tell others of this sympathy?
A very few."—

a matter that this publication, it may be, will go far to remedy.

But all this is the merest preliminary to the climax afforded by the published works of Mr. Jesse P. Tillson, poet, telegrapher, and playwright. These, in one volume, bear the proud title of *Literature* upon their front and, in this special instance, an

autograph motto from the author's indelible pencil—which, we like to think, is the same with which he wrote that glowing line, "What could have been had we only knew,"—saying, "Recognition and public interest makes *Literature* what it is." Impossible as it is, and always must be, to do anything else in a lifetime, and even the scantiest justice to Mr. Tillson's ineffable abilities, the reader's gratitude makes it worth the trial. What can be placed by genius between a single pair of book-covers, let his title page disclose:

The
Dramatic Works of a New Author.

"Passion's Tempest," "Don Seiglemon,"
"Charles Wengleigh the Duke,"
"Jacob Busby," "Geewhilekins."

Individual American Sentiments.

The Drama.

Poetry, Verse, Prose, Moral, Immoral, Characteristics, Humor, Satire, Philosophy, Loyalty.

Of the five plays the first and last stand alone, while the others form a trilogy. The prime intention of these may be gained by their careful perusal, or by mastery of the general preface—which Mr. Tillson prefers to call *Considerations*. There the author explains:

"Having laid aside all established rules for the greater part of governing to results of inspirations leading destinies in whate'er paths it chooses lodgement, the fruits thereof are alike in spirit to all precedences." Familiarity with Mr. Tillson's prose style is certain to provoke comment, so reminiscent is it of the manner displayed in the more recent essays of Mr. Henry James. When the Telegrapher writes "particularly that which appeals to the sinews constituting patriotism and the encouragement of all upbuilding arts to artself," you cannot but feel he has caught the true swing of the master, even to the delicately unexpected climax. And that he feels the spirit of literary brotherhood between himself and his fellow-American, let this characteristic sentiment bring proof: "Therefore, though results will never gratify a whole people, the burden can only be borne in part by a single individual, much less can that influence be whilst the authors with like instincts remain obscure."

Mr. Tillson writes his plays for the most part in a species of verse for which the term "blank" seems ineffectual. But this, too, brings to mind another resident of the British Isles, that other laureate of whom it is to be said, if he, also, "lisped in numbers," they were decimals. Prose or verse, laureate or essayist, however, Mr. Tillson stands alone in this: There are no weak places, no Homeric nods, no indications of unevenness in his inspiration, no

single page of which it can be said in comparison with any other of the 135 closely printed pages, "This is the better." Such uniformity of genius is as convincing as it is rare, and its statement here is the best apology possible for the failure which is certain to follow when this specimen or that is wrenched from its context for exposition. There are about 150,000 words in his book, and fewer than they will not suffice for adequate comment.

Dramatically considered, the Tillsonian plays are filled with innovations. Mr. Tillson sets himself against that tendency of other modern playwrights in seeking to accustom their audiences to celerity of action, by bringing from six to twelve characters on the stage at once, and standing them in a row while each delivers himself of a five-minute speech. There is also a shifting of scenes which, coming without warning of any kind, produces some mighty effects. *Passion's Tempest*, for example, opens in a private park. The second act takes place in a gentleman's parlor. But the direction for the third act reads: "Scene opens with views of the interior of the cave and of the Pacific Ocean."

Don Seiglemon, the first of the cyclus, opens with an extraordinary sentence which holds in little compass the whole of the dramatic matter. "To thoroughly appreciate this play," its author writes, "the essential points for consideration are, in the first place, to know that the object has been to give the individuality of the characters experiencing a phase of circumstances that have been the true experiences found to exist with humanity to a great extent the whole world over." After that one feels that Mr. Tillson is justified in his omission of all reference to any "second place." And this statement of purpose must be accepted in lieu of any analysis of the trilogy. This it successfully defies.

It is only to be expected that a man who has heretofore devised a new species of poetic license for his lyrical poems must, in his plays, exhibit a similar or greater ingenuity. This will be found true. Mr. Tillson invents a kind of stage direction which serves for something more than instruction—it is an entertainment in itself. The jejune sentences of all his forerunners in this regard are by him enlivened, now with quips and now with action, until nothing dull or lifeless intervenes to detract from the vigor of his lines. Observe the note he strikes in *Charles Wengleib, the Duke*. "Enter Mrs. W. with cardboard and cards, also with Mr. Wibbert." This attains its height in *Don Seiglemon*, where the reader comes upon Jack Sewald, who "Walks about the edge of gulch, and suddenly the supposed magnetism of the vein of gold as is given in the song, holds him fast in one position, then gradually drawing his body over in position to place his ear to the earth and have the spirit of the fable owner of the mine reveal the hidden treasures. Jacob appears and is witness to the strange actions of Jack, and having a touch of superstition, remembering the story how the wealth

of the mine was to be found, Jacob goes into a paroxysm of actions." And with this an end must be made, the feeling being fixed that henceforth his rivals must feel, in Mr. Tillson's apt phrase, "covered with the yolks of an egg's smeared contempt."

THE UNIVERSALITY of the comments on the death of Alphonse Daudet, and the real intelligence of most of the casual newspaper and magazine writing on the subject, are worthy of notice. It was taken for granted that Daudet had been read by everyone, quite as might have been the case had the loss been of Mr. Hardy or of Mr. Howells. In a way, the deeper in the intellectual backwoods you are, the wider the range of reading which you impose on yourself. The average American woman feels it her duty to be familiar, for example, with the novelists of her own country, with those of England, and with the greater names in France. The French woman might by chance know the works of a few English writers. She would by no chance have heard an American author's name; while the English woman is familiar with a few of us, at best. We think it improbable that there is a single American writer whose death would bring forth six articles in the French press.

This cannot be explained entirely by the fact, which we are perfectly willing to admit, that the quantity of good writing is immeasurably greater both in the British Isles and in France than it is here. The attitude of the reader is different. Catholicity does undoubtedly vary something as the distance from acknowledged centers of learning. We in America, in spite of the many literary jingoes among us, are spared the provincialism of self-centered, metropolitan cultivation.

THE DESERTION OF ROMANTICISM by the reading public is being masked in a rather curious way. The retreat is by a bypath, and the realistic novel has as yet seen no enthusiastic rallying around it. The greedy army is engaged in devouring memoirs, autobiographies, biographies, letters, secret archives; in short, anything which is at once personal and authentic. Tired of the trickiness of Romanticism and the dullness of Realism, it thinks it has found the compromise.

Novel-reading goes on, it is true, but the most marked feature of the last few publishing seasons has been the growing evidence to the fact that novels were not the only things read. It is not merely that such books as the Tennyson memoirs and Lord Roberts's volume on his career in India have sold as popular novels do, but that a great mass of lesser volumes has filled the market. The increase on the booksellers' lists has been great, the interest as shown by newspaper writing has increased, and it is undoubtedly to be seen by the quiet observer that these books actually litter library tables, and are not only bought, but read. Any well-known person at the

present moment can sell an edition of his reminiscences.

We have been led to this in part, no doubt, by modern journalism. The interview, the character sketch, and the "human document" have taught us the picturesqueness of real life. This is the good side of yellow journalism. The bad side, the sensationalism, the indecent prying into decent men's lives, all this has its part in the success of many of these dignified octavo volumes. But taking the good with the bad, these books are really about the only things which for the moment are worth reading. The public will be refreshed and in a short time will have a new appetite for fiction. It will want form and imagination. We shall then be in the full current of a new realistic movement. As we have said before, let the critics say a good word for the sword and the slashed doublet before the novel fits itself again with a serge suit.

CORRESPONDENCE PATRIOTISM AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP BOOK:

An Englishman who has spent the last two years in America, I was naturally interested in Mr. Howard's letter in your issue of January 15th. My own experience as an outside observer of the American school system more than confirms what Mr. Howard says of the extent to which jingoism is taught as a regular school subject. It is, indeed, one of the greatest and most successful of America's manufactures. I will give an instance. In every one of the public schools in New York City—and for all I know, in New York State—the first act of the pupils on reaching their class-room is to salute the Stars and Stripes. They then repeat in chorus this neat and pithy vow: "I pledge my allegiance to this flag and to the country for which it stands, one country, indivisible, with justice and liberty for all." In the year 1898 one hardly knows how to criticise such government regulation. There is something in it suggestive of Hannibal's youthful dedication on the altar; something, too, that recalls the religious conversion of Charlemagne's army by platoons. Anyway, its effect on the American character is peculiar and noticeable. The patriotism of the ordinary citizen of the United States is notoriously aggressive. The eagle must be continually screaming lest we should suspect it had lost its voice. Now, personally, I am ready, and always have been, to admit America's greatness as one of the settled facts of the world, as an international axiom about which there need be no argument. Why cannot Americans do the same? Why are they so nervously anxious to force its manifold virtues down the throat of a foreigner? Partly,

I suppose, because America is still young; partly, also, because they are taught to do so in its schools. The Londoner who sees, as I have seen, an American girl walking down Regent Street with the Stars and Stripes decorating the front of her blouse, stands blankly amazed. But then he does not understand the American school system. I remember once coaching through one of the prettiest parts of Devonshire. The company began to praise the scenery and compare it with parts of Scotland and Europe. Suddenly, from the mouth of a solitary gentleman in the corner, came the letters in a rasping twang, "A-M-E-R-I-C-A; America." None of the people present had visited the United States and knew not what to make of this outburst. I leaned over to the lonely patriot and said: "My dear sir, I know just how you feel; you were educated in one of the New England public schools;" and we shook hands. More recently, I was talking to a New York militia officer in the presence of a lady whom I knew slightly, and some strangers, to whom I had just been introduced. I said, "I wonder you don't go in more for army maneuvers. You have splendid fighting country between here and Yonkers." "Yes," said the lady, "we found it so." Now that, if I may use an Americanism in *The Chap Book*, was "one on me." I admitted it frankly, and took the number of the school in which she was educated. To take two more instances, mere matters of yesterday. Do you remember that capital squabble about the christening of the "Kentucky?" If so, you must also remember that Miss Richardson, the rejected claimant, informed Mr. Secretary Herbert, in a public letter, that he was not dealing with a minor official, but with a *free-born American girl!* Now, why did Miss Richardson take so much trouble to state she was not born a slave? Even in this land of perpetual explanations, where it is unsafe to take anything for granted, it struck me as a little odd. But when you consider the minuteness of patriotism which the government teaches, you find it is quite possible for an American girl to feel a real pride in being "free-born." The other example of school-boy jingoism affected a man of some position, and is therefore worth thinking about. An English actor was tried the other day in New York for beating his wife. The Judge, in passing sentence, remarked that wife-beating was not popular in America, *whatever it might be in other countries!* You see how youthful habits cling to us! The good man had been taught that sort of thing in his school-days, and had simply failed to grow out of it. And the papers took it all as a matter of course. No one thought of criticising the Judge's dictum, or of questioning its rather youthful taste. It was apparently accepted as a proper display of Americanism under trying circumstances. And unless I am greatly mistaken, the assiduous patriotism inculcated by the public schools must be held largely responsible for it.

Yours truly, SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE UNSULLIED BROW
OF THE VICEROY

THE Most Excellent, Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marquis de Croix, Viceroy of New Spain, was obviously in a quandary. In his eyes there was troubled hesitancy. His chief cook stood before him, resigned and corpulent.

"I am still undecided," muttered de Croix.

"Prompt decisions, your Excellency," urged the *chef* in his oleaginous voice, "in momentous occasions have ere this saved battles and dishes. In the noble art of cooking, my lord, as in the noble science of war, every plan must be fully and earnestly pre-considered, that when the time for action arrives—"

"You are right, as usual, my good Tomas. I have thought of the sauce these seven hours. And now at this critical juncture, I cross the Rubicon boldly. *Jacta est alea. Use Madeira!*"

The *chef* bowed. "The wisdom of his Excellency is great. May he administer the affairs of the State with equal felicity."

"That is our sleepless endeavor, Tomas. And let the fire be slow. They should preserve their exquisite and angelical tenderness and withal thoroughly absorb the only good thing that comes from the Portuguese kingdom—that wine of wines. The Lord aid thee in thy most commendable efforts this day," he finished as the chief of the kitchen left his presence.

The Marquis lifted a brow from which care had vanished and looked out of the palace window. The wonderful firmament of Old Mexico smiled very bluely. A cloudlet or two made the sky perfect, the silvery glimmer against the clear turquoise supplying the necessary artistic contrast. He indulged in day-dreams at times, did the affable Viceroy whose exquisite gastronomy was the admiration of Tomas and whose energy and iron will had corrected so many abuses in the administration of the King's affairs. Whether inventing a new dish or carrying out the policy of Charles III he was ever calm and pleasant in manner.

A lackey entered.

"Your Excellency," he said, obsequiously.

"Yes?"

"Don Juan waits without."

"Let him enter. Ah, Don Juan," as his chief secretary appeared, "what in the world is that black mark on your brow, and what trouble do I see in your eyes?"

"My lord, the—"

"What? Not Tomas? Do n't tell me Tomas has burnt it?" He looked alarmed.

"A canonical delegation has come to wait upon your Excellency."

"Ah, you relieve me. I feared the cook had inconceivably forgotten himself. They eat well,

sometimes," he went on, musingly, "these fat and holy servants of the Lord. What is their errand now?"

"It is Ash Wednesday, my lord."

"Dear me, so it is. Well, and what of it?"

"It is customary to—"

"Surely, my dear Don Juan, they cannot expect me to fast? I have a special dispensation from His Holiness Clement XIII to eat anything at any time, provided it is worthy of a sapient palate, such as the good Lord has in His thrice-blessed kindness given me. Eh, Don Juan?"

"Not having observed your Excellency at Mass this morning, they come to place the holy cross of ashes upon your forehead."

"H'm," said the Marquis, affably, but his eyes sparkled a bit more brightly, "these priests are making me lose patience. They will end by making me lose my appetite. We de Croix have always had unsullied foreheads, which we have ever carried high in the world. It is scarcely meet that what is natural on the bottom of a cooking-pot should decorate the noblest portion of the human anatomy. Don Juan, graciously ascertain when Tomas will have the dish of cock's crests and mushrooms ready, and then have the kindness to express our sense of honor to their worthy reverences—the priests, I mean—and beg them to wait for us in the antechamber. We are engaged on affairs of the gravest moment, and will see them in the course of an hour or so. But tell Tomas he is not to hurry."

"But, in the antechamber?" said the secretary, dubiously. The Church was still powerful in Mexico, the Marquis not yet having banished the Jesuits from the kingdom. He decreed their expulsion a few months later.

"Yes, the antechamber. The matter is not of sufficient importance to justify a ceremonial audience, in our very humble opinion, Don Juan."

The secretary returned in a few minutes.

"My Lord," he reported, "their reverences have gone. I may add that they seemed greatly perturbed. It has been the custom of the Church since the days of Hernan Cortez to print upon the vice-regal brow the ashen cross. Not a man, woman, or child in all Mexico but is sooted this day, and their reverences the Canons had the appearance of resenting—er—"

"What? Out with it, Don Juan."

"Your command to wait in the antechamber, which they construed as intentional disrespect to the Cloth."

"And—?"

"And they went off in high dudgeon."

"And—?"

"I do not understand."

"Hombre! and what said Tomas of the dish?"

"He said it would be worthy of the immortal gods and of the illustrious Marquis de Croix."

"All is well. *Lucullus cum Lucullus. We break-*

fast alone to-day and on no account must be disturbed. We shall ring when we need aught. Ah, that Tomas is a rare jewel, Don Juan! Apicius would have embraced him and Aristoxenus would have blessed him for suggestions concerning the cooking of hams; Archestratus would have written an ode in his honor. I tell you, Don Juan, the cook that deceived the King of Bithynia with a turnip which he had so condimented that it savored of a fine fish, was an unskillful novice beside my Tomas. Montanus was not more discriminating nor Lucullus so fastidious. And the great Philoxenus, the king of the Poet Epicures—think of the dithyrambs he would have composed had he known my wonder of a cook! Sometimes," he went on gloomily, "I feel that I am on the eve of a great catastrophe." The secretary looked serious. "I fear that he may die one of these days. Doubtless, the presentiment is the work of the Evil One, designed to embitter my mind and disturb my appetite."

"My Lord," said a lackey.

"Yes."

"His reverence, Friar Antonio, of the Dominicans, begs an audience from your Excellency. He comes from the Holy Inquisition on a matter of exceeding importance."

"Let him enter. Nay, Don Juan, stay you with us."

The monk entered. The sight of his ascetic ill-fed face was a sore trial to the Marquis. And now there was a black frown on the priest's brow, and in his eyes there was unsuppressed menace. The Viceroy's countenance was as usual calmly benignant. His jaw was square and firm, but concealed by a pointed beard. The most astute of the Church were beginning to perceive the iron nature of the man under the delightful enamel of bonhomie. The full realization of it did not come until later.

"Sir——," began the monk.

"His Excellency, the Marquis de Croix," corrected Don Carlos, mildly, "hopes that you are well this morning."

"Your Excellency," said the priest, flushing angrily at the rebuke, "the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition command you——"

"Request me, Friar Antonio. As the unworthy representative of the King I can scarcely be commanded by anyone in this New Spain."

"They, as representatives of the King of Kings, command you to appear before them without pretext or delay," said the priest, haughtily.

"A true son of the Church obeys all commands from that sapient and reverend body. We go, without pretext or delay." He still smiled affably, did the jovial-faced Viceroy.

"It is concerning the matter of the ash-cross which——"

"It would be impertinence to ask the representative of the King of Kings what it is about. I go forthwith, Father."

The monk turned on his heel and walked away without another word.

The Marquis stared meditatively after the retreating Dominican.

"His reverence," he observed at length to his secretary, "evidently eats poorly, for which there is no excuse, he being a priest. His manners are like his appetite. Don Juan, be so good as to tell the Captain of the Guard to order one regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery in readiness at once. Also, ask my cook when he will be ready for me."

"Your Excellency, the regiment is ready, and Tomas says he will do himself the honor to submit his work for your Excellency's approval in one hour's time," said the secretary a few minutes later.

"Let me see. Twenty minutes to go to the House of the Inquisition; twenty to return; fifteen of ante-prandial rest and meditation; it leaves me five minutes to listen to the Inquisition. Very well."

He rang for the lackey. "Tell my chief cook that I shall be pleased to eat in exactly an hour."

He rose and went down stairs. The clarions gave the vice-regal salute. And in his carriage, at the head of half a thousand soldiers, Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marquis of Croix and Viceroy of New Spain, rode to the Inquisition.

They halted before the edifice where so many dark tragedies had been enacted.

The Marquis summoned the Captain of the battery.

"Captain," he said, "you will place your piece before this house. If I have not returned in exactly five minutes you will open fire until the entire edifice is razed to the ground. And you, sir," to the Commander of the foot-soldiers, "will see that no one leaves the building while I am within it. Keep back the mob, and follow my instructions to the letter."

The officers saluted and the Viceroy disappeared in the gloomy palace.

Curious thousands were gathered behind the soldiers, for the news that the Marquis had slighted the dread Inquisition and had been summoned before it had spread throughout the city. Upon the foreheads of every man, woman, and Indian in the crowd there was the black cross of holy ashes. Was the vice-regal brow to be similarly ornamented? That query was in every mind. But opinions and wagers were evenly divided on the subject. The discussions were caloric; the result was eagerly awaited. At least three hundred wagers were made. Thousands of pesos backed the Church, and the de Croixites asked odds.

Seated on arm-chairs, the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition awaited the Viceroy. In their faces one might have read pride, bigotry, haughtiness, dyspepsia, and other ills of the ecclesiastical flesh of the

period. The face of de Croix was full of the easy affability that for months deceived everybody in Mexico, except his cook. Withal, his manner, calm and dignified, betokened the custom of command.

The Inquisition had determined to demand, not only a full and abject apology for the courtesy of the Viceroy to the Church in refusing to receive the priestly delegation, but also to make clear its authority over the political and military powers at one fell swoop. Well might the Marquis tremble; he stood before men who revered Torquemada.

De Croix nodded ever so slightly to the presiding Inquisitor; then, pulling out his watch, gazed meditatively at the dial, and, without waiting to be addressed, observed, in a pleasant, conversational tone: "We are ever circumscribed in this mundane world by the limitations of earthly life, which, we are assured by wise philosophers, is all too short for the complete gratification of even the most praiseworthy of our desires. We are ever the slaves of time, your reverences; high and low, noble and villain, epicure and anchorite, time pauses for none, but proceeds inexorably, and centuries are as mere ripples in the ocean of Eternity. Before entering into discussions of any nature whatsoever, it is well to know the limitations that surround us. Without, in the street, a loaded cannon is pointed in our direction, and you will perceive a gunner with a lighted match beside it—a most excellent soldier, who has learned in the King's service that obedience is the first law of the military code. I have instructed him to open fire upon this reverend edifice, if I do not countermand the order in person within five minutes—or, to be exact, in three and one-quarter sixtieth-parts of an hour. You will, I doubt not, perceive the admirable advantages of brevity."

The president had seen the gray-whiskered gunner, fuse in hand, intently peering into his watch. He saw, with equal celerity, the great beauty of succinctness. He even forgot to be angry. His colleagues' faces had turned from a normal Inquisitorial pallor to the plain jaundice of fear.

"Your Excellency is right. He always is. Good-morning," said the president, hastily.

"Ten thousand and one thanks, your Lordship. And now we can proceed to the discussion of the affairs," said the Viceroy, pleasantly.

"We need proceed no further, your Excellency. The matter is ended. We hope you are well."

"You overwhelm me. Yes, my appetite is good and my cook still lives, the Lord be praised. But you wished to say something to me?"

"No—yes; er—the affairs of our royal master doubtless require your presence in the palace. Do n't let us interfere with—"

"We still have two minutes. This affair—"

"Is most felicitously ended, my lord Marquis. If you will only deign to withdraw, a slight oversight on your part, any unnecessary delay might—"

"Result fatally to us. Your solicitude touches me deeply. But calm and dispassionate discussion of weighty matters is ever conducive to their proper understanding. We still have eighty-two seconds before us."

"Your Excellency, we have concluded. We agree with you in every particular." He rose from his chair. "Your wisdom has solved the problem. You are a Solomon. My lord, you are ten Solomons, each wiser than the other. Kindly notify the gunner that—you are still so young; it would be a pity—we should be obliged—My lord, please go!"

"Since your reverence so politely consents to my departure it would be unpardonable on my part to allow a selfish desire of enjoying the exquisite pleasure of your company to make me forget my good manners. I am ever at the service of your very reverend selves, to whom may the Lord grant wisdom and long life." And with a slight bow to the agitated Inquisitors, a benignant smile on his lips and an uncrossed brow, he left the room, with that calm dignity which was his characteristic trait and had sent chills down the priestly spines.

"To the palace," he told the coachman, as he entered the stately carriage. His voice was pleasant. He had for the first time in its history checkmated the Mexican Inquisition, and his wonderful dish of cock's crests stewed in Madeira was almost ready.

The waiting populace cheered hoarsely, or grumbled or crossed themselves devoutly, according to the fervor of their religious convictions and the size of the wagers which they had won or lost. And the Captain of Artillery, as he gave the command to his men to follow the vice-regal carriage, said: "Before the King, silence; and before canons, cannon." Which being a corruption of an old saw became a new proverb.

On the 25th of June, 1767, the Marquis banished all members of the Society of Jesus from Mexico. On the 26th he directed the preparation of a ragout of pigeons' breast with chile. And Charles III, two months later, heard of both and felicitated his Viceroy.

EDWIN LEFFÈVRE.

CRITICISM

THE critic eyed the sunset as the umbre turned to grey,
Slow fading in the somewhat foggy west;
To the color-cultured critic 'twas a very dull display;
"Tis n't half so good a sunset as was offered yesterday—
I wonder why," he murmured, as he sadly turned away,
"The sunsets can't be always at their best!"
CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

LETTERS IN PARIS

PARIS, JANUARY, 1898.

THE literary event here, for the year's end we have just got rid of, is to be sought undoubtedly on the stage, although M. Catulle Mendès is the only critic who found it out. M. Octave Mirbeau's *Les Mauvais Bergers* will in all likelihood not prove a paying play. That much the majority has not been slow to discover. But the minority has gone a snail's pace in recognising that the play, though it may not pay, will live. There ought to be no suspicion of a bias on the side of opinions that have nothing to do with the drama, for M. Mirbeau's play is a problem-play in the only right sense that it puts a question and gives no answer. As a play, and nothing but a play, *Les Mauvais Bergers* is a great play. The action moves swiftly to the end, retarded by no irrelevancy, and never misses its mark. The dialogue is as unerring as the action, and never lags for a word too much. It is written in true, living language, with that added intensity which the artist divines in life, while on the other hand the many pitfalls to which the literary spirit leads are avoided.

The characters are the final moulds, cast in lasting bronze, of types the modern drama long sought to create with uncertain hand. Jean Roule is the prophet of modern times, with the seer's steadfastness and wholeheartedness, leading men on to their death in the fight for freedom, rather than compromise with conscience and fall short of ideals, suffering the modern martyrdom of jail and the life of a miner or a tramp; Hargand, as staunch and as stern as Jean Roule, a master with a hand of iron, but upright and unflinching to do what he thinks his duty, Jean's enemy, but a man in his eyes for all that, whom he respects while he mistrusts his son Robert, though Robert, the son of the master, is with the men against his father; Madeleine, whom Jean Roule took, a tender-hearted, shrinking girl, as his wife and made a heroic woman of, who faces the crowd that turns with cowardly ingratitude upon Jean, and wins it over, faces, too, the soldiery on the barricades, and is shot down, to live on, however, and give birth to dead Jean's child, that shall fight again the old battle. There are also Hargand's fellows, socially, not morally, in drawing whom Octave Mirbeau gives the rein to his fiercest satire; and Hargand's daughter, at whose ruthless portrayal many a well-meaning person must have shuddered, the young lady who dabbles in art, has had a medal at the Salon, chooses for her model an old woman in tatters, and while she is sitting, during strike time, bids her—mother to one, wife to another of the strikers—put on a sad expression, as if she felt unhappy.

From the opening scene, the death of Madeline's mother in the squalid cottage, on through the tragic interview between Hargand and his son, and the

public meeting in the wood where Jean, at the foot of the cross by the roadside, holds at bay, and Madeleine then conquers, the ignorant, wretched crowd of strikers, down to the last, hardly more than one fearful picture, where Hargand and his men forget their rivalry, at least while their grief lasts, for Jean Roule is dead and Hargand is looking for his son's body,—these men and women move on to their fate inevitably. The tragedy points no moral, solves no problem, it is only a living work of art, a creation of the poet's terribly prophetic brain.

While *Les Mauvais Bergers* is listened to in painful silence, at least in the stalls (and I fear the gallery does not always understand what it applauds), *Cyrano de Bergerac*, next door, fills the house with enthusiasts. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is by a very fortunate man, who is wealthy, popular, and a knight of the Legion of Honor at twenty-nine, though to be sure he had hoped to be one at twenty-five. His play is a clever move in literary politics. The weathercock was due towards that creation of romanticism, a story "de cape et d'épée," and M. Rostand went with the wind. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a quainter writer than his portrayer, for the *Voyage dans la Lune* is a novel better worth reading than the new play, was a dashing and eccentric fellow enough to satisfy the hungriest of Romantic audiences. By dint of much swashbuckling and more buffoonery, including monstrous false noses, thrown in, M. Rostand made the sort of mark he wanted to make. The play, of course, is clever in its way, just as the *Prisoner of Zenda* was, but from the literary point of view it is fraught with peril because it aims at literature.

M. Georges de Portoriche, who once studied woman in love, and drew a painful portrait in *Amoureuse*, studies, in *Le Passé*, man when he is not in love, but thinks or pretends he is. Having ruined a score of women, and amongst others Dominique, who still loves him, François Prieur meets Dominique again, is again enamored (so to speak), and Dominique, in spite of herself, is all but taken in by him once more. But he lies to her again and deceives her, in the nick of time, for she rebels and turns her back upon him forever—at least so one hopes. The character of the heroine, who is original enough, for a Parisienne, to want all not to be fair in love and war, is interesting, but the character is the whole play, and the five acts, in spite of minor personae who try to be clever and do not invariably succeed, are somewhat long drawn out.

The novel of last year—of this, too, it may be hoped—will be judged to be Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Osier*. It would not be easy to overrate the importance of Anatole France's position among the French novelists of to-day. His style is the perfection of French, with all the crispness and flexibility, the grace and clearness, that belongs to

the language when it is well written. His insight into men is of the keenest; he reads the men of his day with the acutest of judgments, draws them with subtle and gentle irony. In *Le Mannequin d'Osier* (Mme. Bergeret's wicker dress-stand, kept in M. Bergeret's study) the characters *L'Orme du Mail* had made us familiar with reappear,—M. Bergeret, saddened, but still a humorous and wise philosopher, M. Worms-Clavelin, the Jewish prefect, and his wife, the clergy also and the nobility of the place, who must wince as they recognize each other. Possibly they do not, however; though all who know the provincial society of France to-day will agree that Anatole France pictures it as truly as Balzac, but in a different spirit.

Among the younger generation of novelists, Paul Adam gives possibly the highest promise. But the besetting sin of novelists is his, and he may not fulfill expectation. He turns out novels at the rate sometimes of four or five a year, and no style will stand the strain. *Lettres de Malaisie*, however, is no disappointment. The book appears to have been a labor of love in the writing, and only the bad workman finds fault with his tools. Paul Adam, in letters written from a fictitious commonwealth in the South Seas, embodies his wildest dreams, his strangest fancies, working them out with evident delight. From social problems they range over to the problems of the heart, and Paul Adam finds a loophole for airing his pet theory on love, from which he would purge all the fury of passion, refining,—or impoverishing,—it into some sort of subtle pleasure, a relationship of a moment, a charm added to social intercourse, neither paradise nor purgatory. *Lettres de Malaisie* is no novel like *L'Année de Clarisse*, where the same theory was worked out in woman's life, alive with character and incident; but novels that are not novels are occasionally a relief.

Maurice Barrès's *Les Déracinés* is a novel with a purpose,—and, what is worse, a political purpose. M. Barrès, it must be known, stands for decentralization and the individuality of races. His *Déracinés* are a party of young men uprooted from their native Nancy and transplanted to Paris, where, in the poisoned soil of political and financial corruption, they wither and decay. It is not made apparent, however, by M. Barrès, although he also is from Nancy, that they would have flourished any the more lustily had they never left the home of their race, supposing the Lorraines to constitute a race.

In the world of poets a new poet has not been proclaimed but has proclaimed himself. M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier aims at Walt Whitman's egoism, and feels no qualms of modesty at throwing open the door and announcing, The Poet, come to regenerate the world. In reality, *Eglé, ou les Concerts champêtres*, a bulky volume that might advisedly have been reduced by three quarters, con-

tains much that is poetic in earnest. M. de Bouhélier babbles of green fields in accents that ring true, and his inspiration is often simple and sincere. Something more will be required, however, than his *Concerts champêtres*, when we come to re-making the world. M. Maurice de Faramond, on the other hand, makes no boast, but his *Livres des Odes* is charming, and, what is more, original. These lines from the Farewell of Æneas to Dido are worth quoting:

Princesse (puis-je encore te nommer autrement?)
Cesse de retenir aux remparts de Carthage
Les orageuses nefs de ton amant.
Ce n'est pas qu'il soit si barbare et ne partage
La douceur d'aimer et puis le tourment,
Mais c'en est trop que tant de larmes
Et si quelqu'un doit pleurer
C'est celui-la qui revêtant ses armes
S'en retourne à des mers inhumaines, errer.

M. Paterne Berrichon's admirable biography of Jean Arthur Rimbaud will, or ought, to quash many a current fallacy, willful or otherwise, respecting the wonderful poet who wrote "Le Bateau Ivre" and the extraordinary man whose only friend was Paul Verlaine. Rimbaud's wild spirit of adventure would have been appreciated in a more adventurous age than ours,—the era of respectability could hardly be expected to look kindly on such fearless independence of opinion as his. Yet M. Berrichon does well to make the best of a bad job and annihilate a great deal of the gossip about Rimbaud that was mere slander. For the rest, M. Berrichon has his facts at first hand,—Mlle. Isabelle Rimbaud's account in the *Mercurie de France* (October last) of Rimbaud's last journey, a terrible ordeal, six months before he died, and the last letters of Rimbaud himself, written at the same time (June and July, 1891) and published in the *Revue Blanche* three months ago, ought also to be read. LAURENCE JERROLD.

TWILIGHT

STILL in the west a berry-colored bar
Of sunset glooms: against it one lone fir
Darkens deep boughs; above it, courier
Of dew and dreams, burns dusk's appointed
star.

Like fairy bombs, exploding in a war
'Twixt elves and gnomes, the fire-flies flame; the
chirr

Of crickets wakes, and each green choirister
Of marsh and creek lifts a vague voice afar.
And now, withdrawn behind the woodland belts,
A whippoorwill; where, with attendant states
Of purple and silver, slow the great moon melts
Into the night—to show me where she waits—
There at the lane's end, by the old beech-tree,
Who keeps her lips, sweet as a flower, for me.

MADISON CAWEIN.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

III

ON THE NEED OF HELPFUL CRITICISM

Podmore
Literary-Journalist
Ideas on Draught

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

OUTSIDE of your own columns will you kindly tell me where I may look for such literary criticism as will help an aspiring young author? I assume, sir, that you give it, although I am by no means certain that you do, because I am kept so busy reading the daily newspapers that I have little time to read other things, and even THE CHAP-BOOK frequently escapes me. And it is this reading of the newspapers that convinces me that in this connection there is a long felt want, second only in importance to New York's need of a political science. The literary criticisms of the daily newspapers read to me as if they were written by base-ball reporters in their leisure hours; and they are surprisingly well written too, considering that this is probably the fact. But can a base-ball reporter tell a literary beginner just where his game is bad and point out to him the methods whereby he may sometime hope to score a three-bagger with his intellectual bat? And if he can, why doesn't he?

I have watched the attitude of the press toward literature with some care for two or three years past, and the number of critics helpful to beginners to be found on the daily papers throughout the land may be counted upon the fingers of one hand of an armless soldier. The man who has arrived receives many a useful hint from these talented sporting gentlemen; but of what avail is assistance to a man who has got there? He doesn't need it. He doesn't want it; and it would be bad business for him to change his style at the very moment when fame and fortune have crowned him King because of his literary idiosyncrasies. There is no practical sense in trying to mould a figure out of a kiln-dried brick, but something of value might be licked into shape out of putty.

There have been notable instances of late years of young writing persons who might become personages if somebody capable of the task were to take them in hand. At the risk of seeming to indulge in personalities I shall name three of them, not because I wish to be unpleasant to them, but because I wish to prove my point. And they are all of sufficient prominence to be considered representative. From childhood I have admired putty for its possibilities, and now in the larger responsibilities of life, seeing much good putty going to waste, I want to do something to make it useful.

First, then, let us consider what the newspapers have told the author of *Gallegger and Van Bibber*. As far as I have been able to make out, the dissecting process through which the critics have gone in discussing Mr. Davis has been confined largely to a keen analysis of his personality. He has been told that he wears a yellow coat with large pearl buttons at the Horse Show, and that these have made him a feature of the exhibition. If I remember rightly, this comment was made apropos of the talented young author's brochure on Cuba, and in further praise of the book the critic added that Mr. Davis was a tender-hearted young person who had been known to go to his club on a bitterly cold December morning to get his breakfast rather than compel his man to get up before sunrise to begin the boiling of his matutinal egg. Now this I admit makes interesting reading, and I have no doubt that there are scattered throughout our broad and beautiful land countless young women, between fifteen and fifty-eight years of age, net, who have rushed to the book-shops to get Mr. Davis's book on Cuba because of this beautiful anecdote, and of course this benefits Mr. Davis from a financial standpoint. But does it help him in his art? Does the tasteful allusion to a garment which is mythical help him to see the absolute banality of his book which is unfortunately real? Would a seven-column eulogy of his attitude toward his valet point out to Mr. Davis that the kind of reporting which may satisfy the difficult taste of the *New York Morning Journal* is not necessarily literature, and that a man may be good to his man and still grieve his friends with slipshod stuff which is unfortunately always published in journals of large circulation? I know Mr. Davis personally, and I may say intimately. I once helped him on with his overcoat, and he was so gracious that I should like to help him on with his literature. I should like to tell him that while spontaneousness is a splendid thing a first draft of a story is not so magnificent. I should like to ask him if he had heard that even the Old Testament had been revised, although I confess he might retort by saying that the revision was not made by the original authors. I should like to tell him that I love him for his wholesomeness, for his manliness; that I do not object to his having a man, and rather admire him for choosing to walk in good society rather than become a latter-day newspaper Bohemian who confounds ineptitude with genius. Chiefest of all should I like to say to him that even with his enormous and well-deserved popularity he is not *there* yet, that he is merely a Klondike, that the gold within him has as yet merely manifested itself, and that unless he has a care his hour will be brief.

Then there is Mr. Clinton Ross—the Anthony Hope of America he has been called, which gave to that arch-wit Mr. Oliver Herford his opportunity to allude to Mr. Hawkins as the Clinton Ross of Europe. Why must critics praise Mr. Ross or condemn him,

both unreservedly? Why may not these baseball players see that Mr. Ross writes 10,000 words well, and 20,000 execrably? Why may they not say to him, "Sir, you have the right idea. You are studying the possibilities of romance in your own country, and we hope you realize your responsibility and are trying to do your best; but, Mr. Ross, your best as yet is not what it should be, for even though you are a graduate of Yale your English is suburban." Mr. Ross would be the first to appreciate the value of the criticism; yet, Mr. Editor, where does he find it? He does his best always—what author does not?—he is a hard and conscientious worker, but I doubt if to-day he has been told of his limitations. Sometimes in reading Ross—and I have read and I treasure all that he has penned to my knowledge—I wonder whether his course at Yale was in belles-lettres or foot-ball. His vigor suggests foot-ball.

Finally, sir, comes another young writer, a very young writer in his writing, though I have no conception as to his real age. He may be 7,605 years of age for aught I know, but he has possibilities, and I admire him greatly. This young—or ancient—person is Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, who professes one of the dead languages at Columbia University, and experiments with one of the live ones for a monthly magazine, published in the interests of our latter day Glenlivetians.

Now what Professor Peck amounts to in a dead language I only learn from those who employ him and those who consume him. I presume he knows his business, else Columbia would not have retained his services—although there was evidence last autumn, before election day in New York, that the University had secured a president who was somewhat undecided as to his vocation. It is not as a professor that this young person appeals to me, nor, let me confess it, as an editor, either. It does not require great genius, or even talent, to accept one's own poems. It is as a literary person that I introduce Mr. Peck as an exhibit in evidence, and in him I find the greatest indictment against the critics of the daily press.

Never, sir, in all my time have I known a daily paper to mention the name of Peck, much less point out his errors, which are sensational enough for Mr. Hearst! Yet, what a vast amount of raw material lies dormant in the dashing young editor of the *Bookman*! There are latent within him the germs of an Addison, lacking the grace, experience, and genial qualities of the master. Has anybody yet suggested to Mr. Peck that he should cultivate grace of diction and that mellowness of disposition between the lines which is the *sine qua non* of the truest kind of an essayist? No, sir, the baseball reporter contents himself by saying that Mr. Peck has a mole on the back of his neck and drinks milk at public dinners. Again there lie within Mr. Peck the microbes of a second Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He lacks only Mr. Aldrich's technique and inspiration. Who has

told Mr. Peck this? As yet no one; yet, in speaking of his verses, the bicycle editor of the *Boston Whirligig* will doubtless say, in his review of Mr. Peck's monthly issue of his own verse, that as a poet he bids fair to rival Tennyson in his later days, and that the public will be interested to know that the author is a professor of Latin at Columbia College and invariably delivers his lectures to the students seated on a Christy saddle!

How all this is to help the striving young humorist up Parnassus it is difficult to see. If some one were to warn him against vulgarity in his essays and maudlin sentiment in his verse, and to tell him that his humor, while very humorous, leaves the reader wondering why he has suddenly become a sort of center of lassitude, some good thing might be developed from this wonderful mass of wonderful raw material—or to revert to our earlier metaphor, putty. I have based my indictment of the critic, sir, upon that which I have seen in the daily—particularly the Sunday—papers. I have seen nothing that seemed an improvement in the weeklies, monthlies, or annuals. Undeserved abuse or injudicious praise has been the rule. The abstract merits or demerits of an author's work have given place in the discussion to personality.

Cannot this state of affairs be remedied? Cannot the base-ball reporter on the dailies be assigned to some other work while the base-ball players are hibernating?—rather than be set to work in the "literary" department? Is there not some means by which the idea may be conveyed to our journals of literary criticism that literary criticism is an art which must be studied and may not be practiced with good results offhand by any woman who chances to have three names and no children, or by any man with the gift of verbosity and a press agent's scent for personal anecdote?

If literary criticism, Mr. Editor, is designed merely to advertise books, by all means let us have it so understood. If, on the other hand, it is to be the mirror into which he who writes may look to discover his faults, and if so be he is sincere in his pursuit of the literary art, correct them, then let us have a very decided reform. We have a great fund of genius in this land, but it is for the most part raw, very raw, and if it comes to naught in the end it will be the fault of the base-ball idea in criticism.

I am sir, yours very truly,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—I have just heard it rumored that Mr. Peck intends to subject himself and his work to the keenest analysis in future numbers of his diverting monthly, the *Bookman*. Therefore, if you think best you might omit from my letter those portions of it which refer to the professor's need of a drubbing at the hands of the truly competent. If he will be as vivaciously drastic with his own work as he is with that of others, there is hope that he may get along without any boosting from outside sources.

A PLEA FOR THE SEMICOLON

NOTHING is more characteristic of the age than the immense mass of writing annually put forth by those who have not served any apprenticeship to the vocation of letters. This arises partly from the growth of egotism and self-consciousness, which impels every man to tell his own story; partly from the public desire to know the opinion of men of action on matters about which they are necessarily authorities; and partly from the insatiable appetite of readers, as a whole, for the portrayal of such human experiences as are weird, strange, or uncommon. One result of this vast incursion of non-professional writers has been the gradual breaking down of many of the old canons of literary criticism, so that it would appear nowadays almost a breach of good manners to call attention to any particular writer's obvious ignorance of the rules of grammar, or to reproach him with a lack of acquaintance with the best usage of idiom as exemplified by the recognized masters of English literature. If, as Buffon said, "the style is the man," we may feel it our duty to accept the crudities of the average writer of to-day as the price we must pay him for his originality, though we cannot but sigh as we count the cost.

The general decline of the art of good punctuation, to deal with one specific shortcoming of the average modern writer of the second and lower classes, is a subject which is at least as worthy of the scrutinizing attention of our literary *dilettanti*—granting that the critics, for reasons aforesaid, are unable to accomplish anything—as the backs of books, the size of their margins, or even the intricacies of the chapter tail-pieces. It seems paradoxical to assert that the simplest method of isolating the masters of modern English literature is carefully to observe the frequency and propriety of their semicolons; and yet, like the Oxford college where the fellows were chosen by the grace with which they were able to dispose of the stones from the plum tart, the semicolon test may prove the final one to determine the author's fitness to rank with august society.

A joint product of modern haste and modern superficiality is to be seen in the fact that a good part of our professional writers leave punctuation, other than periods, to the overworked editor (if they have one) or to the usual mechanical proofreader. Another set follow the careless practice of the daily press, and stick in commas at intervals, without overmuch regard for sense and none at all for rhythm. Still another class, in the supposed interests of lucidity, make full sentences of every possible clause, so that the reading of their lucubrations is apt to feel like a hard gallop which not infrequently begets mental shortness of breath. One

distinguished writer, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in some of his earlier works, developed the aggravating habit of what is known as close punctuation. But in his later works he came to see the disadvantages of jerkiness. None of the classes of writers just referred to have ever advanced far enough in the art of good writing to conceive the varied functions of the semicolon in condensing, classifying, and illuminating the printed thought; for them, the semicolon, when used at all, is a stop-gap in an awkward sentence or an almost obsolete sign to be resorted to only in a case of dire necessity.

It is a pleasure to turn from the contemplation of the performances of an awkward squad to those of the true masters of modern English. And, foremost of these, in the sense in which we are now speaking, comes Sir Henry Sumner Maine, whose lucidity of thought was accompanied by a glorious command of sound, flexible, and idiomatic English. In his *History of Ancient Law*, Sir Henry Maine has used the art of punctuation with such consummate precision and grace as to make that work not only a text-book for beginners, but a standard for masters like himself. Among other usages in punctuation, he employs one, entailing the use of the semicolon, so often and with so much power, as to make it almost a characteristic of his writings. This consists of a clause containing a general statement followed by a semicolon, and succeeded by two or more clauses illustrating or defining the original proposition, followed by commas. To take a concrete example at random, we find on page 289 of his lectures, *On the Early History of Institutions*, the following sentence:

"The simple explanation is that the natural impulse [to quarrel] is gratified in a new way; hasty appeals to a judge succeed hurried quarrels, and hereditary law suits take the place of ancestral blood-feuds."

Matthew Arnold, who loved to be didactic, but disliked to be thought disputatious, everywhere in his writings uses elegant punctuation to bring out or to emphasize his meaning. In the following example, taken from his essay on "Democracy," we see him first using the semicolon to produce a reflective pause in the mind of the reader, and then, in the latter part of his sentence, using a comma in place of "but" following the "not only," because he wished to reinforce his point without resorting to antithesis:

"It is true that the advance of all classes in culture and refinement may make the culture of one class, which, isolated, appeared remarkable, appear so no longer; but exquisite culture and great dignity are always something rare and striking, and it is the distinction of the English aristocracy, in the eighteenth century, that not only was their culture something rare by comparison with the rawness of the masses, it was something rare and admirable in itself."

Ruskin affords numberless instances of good punctuation; his artistic sense of the fitness of things and his poetic gift of condensation enabling him to make effective use of the despised parenthesis succeeded by a disjunctive semicolon in the following sentence, taken from *The Crown of Wild Olives*:

"It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of a nation's work."

Walter Pater, an artist in things great and small, studied so to balance his sentences by punctuation that the train of thought, while still continued in its natural mental order, was slowed down by semicolons at natural resting places before a new phase of the same idea was presented to the reader's consideration. Who but Pater would have used the dash, without upsetting his material, in the following long sentence, taken from *Marius the Epicurean*:

"To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling place; to discriminate, ever more and more fastidiously, select form and color in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, on objects, more especially, connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and, should any circumstance tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity; such were, in brief outline, the duties recognized, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life."

Robert Louis Stevenson's literary acuteness in getting the most out of his semicolons up to a certain point, after which he abandons them to pile up his culmination with the shorter commas, is well seen in the following sentence, taken from *An Inland Voyage*:

"I take it, in short, that I was as near Nirvana as would be convenient in practical life; and, if this be so, I make the Buddhists my sincere compliments; 't is an agreeable state, not very profitable in a money point of view, but very calm, golden, and incurious, and one that sets a man superior to alarms."

Here are five writers, all selected without much deliberation, and the passages from their works taken from the place where the book chanced to open. In none of them is there any effort apparent to the eye of the casual reader to make punctuation an end in itself; the sense, the rhythm and the appearance of the sentence in print, commend them-

selves unhesitatingly to the taste and to the understanding. Yet, let the semicolons and commas which buoy the channel of thought be removed, and the difficulty of replacing them will readily be discovered. It is safe to say that no ordinary proofreader, and, perhaps, few editors, would be able to mark the channel again as it was originally laid out. There has been a great deal too much levelling-down of late years in matters of typography. Beginning with the assumption that the use of italics was an insult to the thinking reader, we have come round to the point where carefulness in all adventitious aids to the reader's understanding was condemned, and among these we have somewhat heedlessly included punctuation. For, if the comprehension of the spoken sentence is quickened by the natural pauses of the voice, by cadence, and by appropriate expression and gesture, why should not these guides be reproduced, as far as may be, in the printed sentence? One thing is certain: the great masters of English, in the future as in the past, will give due weight to the effect of punctuation in making or marring the meaning which they wish to convey by their written word, whether these masters arise like Lincoln or Bunyan from the unlettered throng; or come like Pater or Newman from the refinements of the college cloister; or spring from the bar like Maine or Alexander Hamilton; or burst forth from the trammels of circumstance like Lowell or Matthew Arnold.

E. H. MULLIN.

THE CAPTIVE PARROT

THE city's tide rolls strident by;
Smoke-grimed the buildings tower;
Before your solemn, yellow eye
The murky gas-lights glower.

Poor Poll, your praised buffoonery
May hide a heart's dull ache,
As singing palm and limpid sea
Within your memory wake.

Perchance you long the warmth to feel
Stream from an azure dome
While riotous you scream and reel
Down in your tropic home.
The sun above, green leaf beneath,
The breeze with perfume sweet—
Sad waif, what fate, that you should breathe
This dingy, narrow street !

With grave and pompous speed you climb
From wire-stayed perch to floor.
To such ridiculous pantomime
Is brought your forest lore !
Your plumage gleams as bright as tho'
You mocked captivity—
Mid those who gaze there 's none may know
Your depth of misery.

EDWIN L. SABIN

THE STORY OF JESUS CHRIST

IT would be unworthy to suspect Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward of any but the best intentions in writing her *Story of Jesus Christ*. She was doubtless actuated by a profound desire to make the figure of the Saviour more real and more appealing to persons to whom the formality of the Biblical narrative was merely—or at least primarily—awe-inspiring. Her reverence for the subject is beyond question; her ability as a storyteller is well-known, and her greatest successes have been along spiritual lines. Apparently she—if any one—was fitted for the task.

Yet one cannot escape the question: Was anyone really qualified? It may reasonably be asked—now that the book is published—whether it would not much better have remained unwritten. Approximate success was, at most, all that could have been hoped for. That Mrs. Ward has achieved even that cannot in honesty be asserted. Her undertaking, first of all, was an enormous one, requiring the utmost delicacy, sureness, and force. She set herself to rewrite what was believed by the whole Christian world to be inspired writings. She deliberately—and in respect to Mrs. Ward one must believe that such a work was not begun without careful deliberation—she deliberately attempted to rewrite the Scriptures—to tell in other words the story of Christ's life. A moment's reflection shows the seriousness—the extent of her task.

It has been many times stated, and is almost universally acknowledged, that the style of our English Bible surpasses in beauty, force, precision, and clearness any other composition in the language. On the other hand, Mrs. Ward was obviously limited to the facts in the case: she voluntarily confined herself to the narrative as we have it in the gospels. In her prefatory note, she takes pains to say:

"This book is not theology or criticism, nor is it biography. It is neither history, controversy, nor a sermon. It makes none of the claims, it assumes none of the pretensions, of any of these. . . . It is a narrative, and will be received as such by those who understand the laws of narrative expression."

With these limitations, Mrs. Ward's story relies of course on its expression alone for its value. And it is in just this that her failure comes. She has taken the biblical facts, added to them a fanciful background and a personal interpretation of the great figures. These are her two novelties: these are her excuses for her work.

"The few unfamiliar strokes by which these

outlines have been sometimes filled have been reverently and studiously adjusted to the composition of the picture—it is hoped without offense to probabilities. It is believed that these probabilities are so reasonable that they may serve to deepen, not to dissipate, our respect for such knowledge as we possess concerning the life of Jesus Christ."

Just how far descriptions of sunsets and scenery will add to the beauty and vividness of the Biblical story is for each reader to decide. Whether the *popularization* of the divine narrative is likely to increase its impressiveness or value one may be permitted to doubt. Whether the humanization of the figure of Jesus tends to enlarge the reverence with which it is held is open to question. Yet these are the things Mrs. Ward has done. It is only fair to say that the book may—for large numbers of people—give a new interest to the personages of the New Testament. Yet the scenic and atmospheric embellishments are wholly inessential. Mrs. Ward has sought to express divinity in the commonest terms. She has made Jesus a simple weak man—a man like a hundred others—traveling from place to place healing the sick. He is little more than an earlier Schlatter and infinitely less than the Christ of general faith. Of the Virgin she has drawn a pathetic figure. "Mary was not the woman to nag a grown son even with her tenderness," she writes, and nothing could be less fortunate than the choice of words.

Speaking of the child's straying from his mother just before the scene with the elders in the Temple, she says: "With all the appliances of our civilization to help us, a straying child is always one of the uttermost catastrophes. Steam, telegraph, telephone, police detective, the press, shorten or lessen an agony which is still, at its shortest or least, unbearable; and Mary had none of these assuagements."

It may be answered that these quotations are exceptional and the least happy in the book. And it cannot be denied. Yet the tone of the story from cover to cover is the same. Read with intelligence and with decent sensitiveness, it is inevitable that Mrs. Ward's volume should lessen our respect and our reverence for the Saviour. When we have finished, the figure she has drawn of him is less inspiring, less godlike, and unbearably commonplace. She has in no way justified his sacrifice, and her account of the crucifixion leaves one wholly unsatisfied.

How this has come about is not far to seek. It was merely an error of judgment: an overrating of ability or an underrating of the difficulties of her task.

"The important things—all that any of us need, all that most of us care for," she writes in the preface, "are few, clear, and unquestionable. Jesus Christ lived, died, and lived again after death. He lived a life explicable upon no other view of it than his. He founded a faith comprehensible on no other interpretation than his own."

THE STORY OF JESUS CHRIST: AN INTERPRETATION.—By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 8vo. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

In the face of this Mrs. Ward has interpreted his life and his character and the characters of those about him—interpreted them as if they had no connection with divinity—as if they were everyday occurrences. She has translated the ideally perfect language of our English version into the phrases of magazine serials: the dignity is gone, the marvelous conciseness, the directness and strength are all gone, and in their place we have occasional felicities of expression interspersed with inexpensive modernity. The book is unfortunate: it will do harm where it sought to do good: it will lessen the impressiveness of the great story, and, it is to be hoped, will help to deter others who think to improve on what is already beyond improvement. H. S. S.

THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION

THE Pierian Fountain Pen with which the inventor (one can hardly say author) of the Romance Association has written, was inadequately filled with a diluted literary ink of the Stevenson label, and the ex-editor of *The Lark* has evidently had a good deal of pounding, sucking and swearing to do to make his fountain flow. One traces the intermittencies of his pen with an uncomfortable feeling of suspense, for as soon as a lively, romantic situation is well suggested, and one begins to anticipate a satisfying development of the idea, the point clogs, and the story ends in a blank line, a row of stars, or the frank abandonment of the chapter, leaving the reader with a broad hint as to the possibilities of the case, it is true, but forced to paint the details from his own excited imagination.

To call such an assortment of incidents a book is an illegitimate ruse of a publisher who has been duly warned that volumes of short stories have had their day. Were they, indeed, all finished, and of the same color, one might forgive the collation, but the tales grouped into "books" are no more related than are the movements of a sonata, which scheme of composition this set of memoirs seems to parody. Here, for instance, we have five parts, of which the first, third, and fifth carry the Romance Association theme, with Vivette in the dominant chord, while the second and fourth books consist of interpolated tales in variant keys, those of the one pitched in the fantastic, and the others in the farcical extreme of that spirit of adventure that marks the whole, rioting in an abandonment of superlative variations. Romance, the author would have us believe (in a Stevenson - Dr. Johnson - Pater - Mallory - Jamesy preface,) is a narrow shore, lying between the shifting

sands of the Improbable and the Impossible Sea. If it be so, he has got his feet disagreeably wetted in what he pompously styles "the recession of the undertow," and of all things impossible the most incredible is this mistress Vivette, "who might be the daughter of D'Artagnan and Little Dorritt." She is, to be honest, a little too like her creator to be as interesting and versatile as he would have us believe. She is more a thing of adjectives than of human qualities, and to live with her would be an impossibility to one who has not himself pulled down public statues or sacrificed his sanity in such an ebullition of grotesque bad taste as *Le Petit Journal des Refusés*, indulged in "Telephone Courtships" on his own account, and kept his friends busy with apologies for his rudeness and conceit.

There are, in reality, four Vivettes in the Memoirs, cut like multiple paper dolls, out of a single sheet of pretty folded paper. When one opens them and sees them holding hands, side by side, it is impossible to tell one from another, for they have neither faces nor clothes by which they may be described; but put them under glass, and rub it vigorously with an imaginative kerchief, and they dance very merrily. One becomes a Burglar's Wife, one The Dearest Girl in the World, one a Miss Florizel—and all Vivettes.

This was all very well while she appeared in the yellow paper of the *Lark*. She did her turns infrequently enough to win applause, but now, in formal white, trimmed overmuch with far-fetched Rollo-Book captions, bad puns, and obsolete verbiage, she has become "precious;" too much is asserted and too little proved of her charms, and she poses shamelessly. What she and her biographic hero are pleased to term Romance is little else but practical joking, practiced, not only upon their clients, but upon the readers of their Memoirs. Their Romance always has a wink and a nudge in it, and they mumble asides to each other impertinently. They are forever taking an unwilling auditor behind the scenes and insisting upon their folly.

The Romance Association deserves a better historian and the city of Millamours a better guide than Gelett Burgess. He is too fond of Little Joy Street and Bellefile Place, Sly Park and Maiden Lane. One wanders discontentedly among the avenues laid down on his map and longs to explore the southern end of the Old Runway Road, where a man might abandon himself to his enthusiasm and take his amours seriously with no *arrière pensée* or glance at the gallery. It is to be hoped that the discoverer may sometime put forth from Gay Head and adventure the Sweethaven Fairway in some such gallant "Bonaventure" as the *Tusitala* sailed—have done with tricks of phrasing and *double entente*, and bring back a cargo of honester wares.

Vivette claimed better parentage than she possessed. She was not wise enough to know her own father. She had not the romantic *sauvagerie* of

VIVETTE, OR, THE MEMOIRS OF THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION.—By Gelett Burgess. With a Map of the City of Millamours by the Author. 8vo. Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

Dumas's heroines, but the secret history of her birth may be found in that little-known, less-read "Holiday Romance" of Dickens from which the author of "the little tomato-covered" book has stolen the name of his hero. And see how Vivette takes after her mother, the sweet and gentle Alice Rainbird:

"Then do you no longer love me, Alice?" said the Pirate-Colonel, gloomily.

"Redforth, I am ever thine."

For of such toy sentimentality is Vivette's "Forever" scrawled on the parasols she throws from the balloon that floats her away. GELETT BURGESS.

REVIEWS

FAUNTLEROY IN LATER LIFE

HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE.—*By Frances Hodgson Burnett.* 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

NOTHING more economical has ever been done by an author than the writing of *His Grace of Osmonde* by Mrs. Burnett. It is announced as *A Lady of Quality*, told from the man's side. In four hundred and sixty-five pages the story of the earlier book is retold, with most of the picturesqueness gone, and with the addition of a very prolix study of the character of the Duke of Osmonde. There is nothing new in incident, only a pale reflection of Clorinda's youth, spent in breeches and brawls in her father's house, her sudden change of front and assumption of the graces of womanhood, her killing of Sir John Oxon, that his betrayal of the indiscretion of her youth may not prevent her marriage with Osmonde, and her subsequent almost incredible saintliness. Because the volume is called by another name, Clorinda is kept somewhat in the background, while the foreground is occupied by the emotions of His Grace of Osmonde's soul.

This, at least, is what the book appears to be at first glance. But Mrs. Burnett, although it is possible that she herself may not realize it, has not been so economical as she thinks. Instead of writing the companion volume to *A Lady of Quality*, she has, in fact, given us a sequel to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Osmonde is Cedric grown up. The extraordinary nobility, the fine reverence for women, the great personal beauty, and the surpassing charm of manner which distinguished the Children's Favorite are all here,—cheapened and vitiated. Mrs. Burnett assures us that His Grace of Osmonde was not a prig: it is well she does this, for otherwise one might mistake him. Some of us even thought Little Lord Fauntleroy an insufferable prig. If Mrs. Burnett had cared to attempt it, there is indeed a really interesting story to be written about a certain type of modern man who has arisen alongside of the modernest woman. The man has more than the old-time chivalrous devotion to woman, is

violently respectful of her, and hopes to keep himself more or less pure for her sake. The love of such a man for a woman who lets herself go, who takes to herself all the privileges and all the cheapnesses of modernity, and who in many ways seems endeavoring to arrive at the point from which the modern man departed, is an admirably humorous and novel theme. The meeting of Lord Fauntleroy, no longer little, and Beth perhaps, fresh from her Book, is what Mrs. Burnett could have done, and what she has failed to do.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR

GOING TO WAR IN GREECE—*By Frederick Palmer.*
R. H. Russell & Sons.

THE Græco-Turkish war of last spring hardly deserved this cool and cleverly-written book. It was obvious at the time, and it is still more obvious now, that the whole affair, so far as the Greeks were concerned, was a gigantic bluff. The Powers made up their minds to "see" Greece, and the result was such a display of cowardice and ineptitude as the world has not often witnessed. Mr. Palmer, though a Phil-Hellene, is too honest to conceal the truth; and the picture he draws, coming, as it does, from a friendly and sympathetic hand, is, in effect, a terrible condemnation of the Greek national character. Mr. Palmer has set down more clearly and attractively than any one else the external causes of the Grecian failure—their fatal gift of imitation without achievement, their swagger and conceit, their spirit of unrestrained democracy which makes every man a leader and turns a café into a cabinet. The feckless nation of talkers and play-actors was bound to collapse when the trial came. A successful war is impossible when the jealousy and suspiciousness of a democracy refuse to place the command of the army in the hands of a single man; when, to use Mr. Palmer's phrase, "leadership is passed round like the turn to deal at cards." But the collapse need not have been attended, as were the retreats from Miluna Pass and Domoko, with every shame of downright cowardice. That can only be explained on the supposition that there is something unmitigatedly rotten in the Greek character; and that character, as Mr. Palmer shows and every visitor to Greece can testify, is one of childishness, vanity, and bounce, built upon Oriental mendacity. Mr. Palmer brings this out plainly enough in several passages of capital humor and neatness. His description of the fights round Mati, Velestino and Domoko Heights hit the pleasant mean between the extreme of technicality and mere *journals*. They are clearly and picturously written, and give the civilian a complete understanding of what happened and how it happened. For the rest, Mr. Palmer shows himself a sagacious and impartial observer, and a writer of considerable skill. His book is worth reading once

simply for the literary entertainment it provides; and worth reading over again for its shrewd, though unobtrusive study of the Greeks and their democratic excesses.

DEATH'S JEST BOOK

THE TORMENTOR.—*By Benjamin Swift. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, \$1.50.*

AMONG those whom an unkind Fate has cut off from the peaceful joys of Madame Tussaud or the *Eden Musée*, Mr. Swift's latest book is likely to find favor. It is fully as lurid as any standard "chamber of horrors," and has the added advantage of being in portable form. Deftly, by the mere turning of a leaf or two, the tired railway traveler may waft himself out of the dust and clamor about him into an atmosphere of crime and destruction; the young lady of provincial districts may, in the solitude of her uneventful existence, conjure up a world of constant excitement when at some future date this melodramatic volume finds its way to the village library; and the harmless maniac whom social law and order and a natural cowardice prevent from the actual indulgence of his secret thirst for murder may spend contented hours during the rest of his days in the bland and congenial company of Mr. Swift's leading characters. In the meantime decadent literature welcomes another book.

The unrivaled allurement and charm of this story for the initiated lies in its curious air of pompous seriousness. Mr. Swift's presiding Genius played him a trick in the matter of humor, and his lack of this essential ingredient is apparent from cover to cover of his volume. Once, indeed, by some special dispensation the author has remedied this deficiency, viz., in Lord Sother's love episode. Still the effort is openly labored. "Sweet Mrs. Crippen" and her duster wring little more than a fleeting smile from the reader, who finds himself soon after, not much to his surprise, plunged into the old grim ways of imagining which come like second nature to the author.

If he be provided with nerves this heaviness of tread will, after a few chapters, have a depressing effect on the reader; and he will be both surprised and relieved to meet the lyrics, of which the book includes several almost as lovely and naively tuneful as the old Elizabethan songs.

"Love said my soul is like a clock

To tell what hour he pleases,"

is one of the airiest; while Jessie's plaint in the garden,

"Death, they say, is a mower,

Ay, and Love too,

And seed comes home to the sower"—revives, for one fleeting instant, Ophelia's treble flutings. Besides these lyrics, which have a genuine beauty, some of the love scenes help to lighten the

tone of the book. These are often prettily and fancifully wrought, especially the passages on the uplands between Maud and Paul before the gloom of a sinister fate has fallen upon the pair. In short, though Mr. Swift is in no sense of the word a real artist, he does possess some artistic instincts which now and then get the upper hand and clamor for a better cause. His backgrounds are often effective, and his treatment of nature involves both thought and theory. Like Mr. Hardy, he believes in the intimate relation of man and nature and the responsiveness of the visible world to the varying moods of humanity. As a colorist, however, he is at his best. He knows how to catch the aspects of a summer sky, the golden surface of harvest fields, and the flash of scarlet poppies; and when he sets himself to portray, for its own sake, the life about him, he draws his peasants at work with simplicity and finish.

In his emulation of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swift is, at the very least, amusing. He has succeeded in hitting on almost all of Mr. Meredith's defects and on none of his virtues. He veils his thought in hints and suggestions, and expresses himself in images with a pitifully amateurish result. He puts his sentences together in so flimsy a fashion that after a page of his constructions the careful reader becomes seriously alarmed for their safety. They appear to be hanging together, for the most part, by the Grace of God alone; and they seldom boast both subject and predicate, while prepositions are as effectively driven from the book as if Mr. Swift had organized a crusade against them. As for his use of allegory, the reader, after finishing old Mrs. Babcock's death agonies, is inclined to believe that it was the allegory in which she was stifling and not the disease that carried her off.

The characterization of the story is hardly more successful than its style. Indeed, the reviewer hesitates to drag before the present column the shabby array of melodramatic *dramatis personæ* which Mr. Swift affords him. The future reader, if there be one, must, therefore, with this word of forewarning, judge the characters for himself as they are set down in the play-book to appear.

ROMANCE AND LOCAL COLOR

THE ENCHANTED BURRO—STORIES OF NEW MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.—*By Charles F. Lummis. Way & Williams. \$1.50.*

APURITAN by birth and temper, a Harvard man by training, a frontiersman by choice, something of a poet and with decidedly romantic ideals, a patient student of documentary history and of field ethnology, a crusader and yet a carper for exactness, Mr. Lummis is a rather curious figure. He writes impetuously, yet only after long saturation in his

theme. He has spent many years studying Spanish-America without gloves; exploring from Colorado to Chile, living the life of the primitive people among whom he trudged and tarried, acquiring a great mass of their esoteric lore and half a dozen of their languages, collecting documents, legends, photographs, curios, and scars with apparently equal content. A pupil of Bandelier, and next to Bandelier in specific knowledge of Spanish-American ethnography, and intimacy with the tribes of so great a range, he is at the same time a frontiersman with full physical joy in breaking wild horses, climbing 20,000-foot peaks, and all the other athletic opportunities of so many wandering years; and the material for monographs he employs in stories or descriptive articles, confessedly preferring to popularize his chosen field. His work shows rather rampant insistence that local color must be accurate; and at the same time his attitude toward the story is purely romantic, with very fine heroes and very deep villains.

The local color of these stories is probably accurate. At all events, no one has picked flaws in the setting of the Spanish-American and frontier tales which Mr. Lummis has been writing for several years. The fate of an Eastern college professor who last year inadvertently couched his lance against one of Mr. Lummis's Indian legends (the "Enchanted Mesa") is still remembered. These tales have some constructive skill, a sincere human feeling, and much momentum of action. The style is not academic; but it is vigorous and generally apt. The author's decidedly Saxon spirit is curiously open to sympathy with the antipodal genius of the lands of which he is so fond. He came to love, and be loved by, his Indian and Spanish neighbors in the Sierra Madre and the Andes; and his keynote as a story-teller is appreciation of the fact that they are entirely human and not mere freaks. The stories are of uneven merit, and the sketch of "Our Yellow Slave" might better not have been included. The book would be better, too, for less lavish use of Spanish words. French is presumed to be in all well-regulated households; and French phrases are tolerated in stories of France and some other countries. But we do not all talk Spanish, nor all live in border territories where the Americans call hundreds of things by Spanish names almost exclusively.

BOYS AND GIRLS

MISS MOUSE AND HER BOYS.—*By Mrs. Molesworth.* 16mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
SIR TOADY LION.—*By S. R. Crockett.* 12mo.
F. A. Stokes & Co. \$1.50.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S and Mr. Crockett's boys and girls are neither Erics and Ellen Montgomerys on the one hand, nor Heavenly Twins on the other; but they are refreshingly active, imaginative,

and alive, and tumble in and out of all possible scrapes into which one may be led, at twelve, by a limited allowance of pocket-money and a combative disposition. The title of Mr. Crockett's book is so misleading that one is surprised to find it a healthy chronicle of Scottish play and pluck, in which Toady Lion himself (early English for *Cœur-de-Lion*) has comparatively little to do. But good as it is, a protest should be made against the sentimental twang, from which Mr. Crockett, perhaps by reason of his long apprenticeship at that sort of thing, has not been able to abstain. As a matter of taste it is more than questionable; it is untrue to normal child-life, a weakness on the author's part, and an infliction on his readers. A sense of fitness, also, should have restrained him from filling his book with allusions directed at "grown-ups." To write ostensibly for children's pleasure but really for the praise of their elders, is a lack of good faith which a child is apt to resent. With these exceptions Mr. Crockett's touch is humorous and frank; he seems to have had more than a glimpse into that hidden land, a child's imagination. As for Mrs. Molesworth, she is at home there; we do not wonder Mr. Swinburne loves her books. *Miss Mouse*, like most of her later stories, does not deal so much with the general fairyness of things as with direct out-of-door life, and childhood's ups and downs. In earlier days, it was Mrs. Molesworth who clapped between book-covers those vague sensations that came to you in the presence of a carved Swiss toy; the certainty that the tiny chalet contained inhabitants who were longing to make friends with you. She voices the child's conception of the things among which he moves as living entities; and at the same time keeps firm hold on the figure of the child himself, often naughty, but oftener trying by ignorant naughtiness to reach some intended good. *Miss Mouse and Her Boys* must certainly join that long row on the nursery book-shelf. The illustrations are good, but they do not replace Mr. Walter Crane's.

PICTURESQUE SICILY

PICTURESQUE SICILY.—*By William Agnew Paton.* 8vo. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

THE author of this volume on *Picturesque Sicily* is a very diligent and painstaking man, and within certain narrow limits his book is useful, interesting, and important. Important because there is an undoubted lack of English and American books on the subject, and in so far interesting. Useful it could not fail to be to any one traveling in the island, and except for its lack of lists of hotels, rates for cab fares, etc., it might possibly replace Baedeker. In the three months which Mr. Paton spent in Sicily he compiled a great deal of historic information in handy form, and while visiting the most important places

on the main route of travel wrote out a great quantity of descriptions of churches, ruins, and natural scenery. In fact, the book is too compact with information to be easy reading, but as a kind of handbook of reference, had it only been provided with a map, it might serve admirably.

Unfortunately Mr. Paton had no time to go to a number of places where one might have wished him to go. He could not take photographs himself, apparently, and his illustrations are the stock photographs which might be bought in the shops at Palermo. The remoter, less-known places are never shown in pictures. The photographs of the Sicilians themselves are, however, so unusually fine and beautiful as almost to compensate for the stereotyped character of the others.

Mr. Paton saw in Sicily what any passer-by might see. He caught no special flavor of the place, and he gained no especially clear conception of the life and nature of its people (this is true at least of the body of the book; the appendix however, contains a clear and intelligent account of "La Mafia"). Furthermore, he writes execrable English. At Castrogiovanni he informs the peasantry that he is a "scrittore," a "giornalista," a "povero diavolo." The reader has suspected as much since the first chapter. Mr. Paton's style is the inflated and sentimental journalesque, where no sunset-light falls but it "transmutes" something; for the simple star of Baedeker he substitutes paragraphs seething with grandiloquence. And he is more than verbose or merely cheap; he is ingeniously ungrammatical. Speaking of the river Cyane, he says: "Its banks are beautified by masses of papyrus, 'the plant of the Nile,' which only along the margin of this stream and by the fountain of Arethusa in Ortygia is still to be found anywhere in Europe growing in its natural beauty." All the bad writing in Mr. Paton's book has not, unfortunately, the quaint charm of this quoted sentence.

We have obtained from this volume more profit than pleasure. It should serve, however, to show what a thoroughly charming book might be written on Mr. Paton's subject. Sicily, at least, is worth while.

THE ARYAN'S EVOLUTION

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ARYAN. Translated from the German of Rudolph von Ihering by A. Drucker, M. P. 8vo. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.00.

WO things are lacking to complete the value of this monumental work: an appreciation and biography of the learned author and his labors; and a supplement which will give his readers the benefits of some of the more recent discoveries in Mesopotamia. His recent and much regretted death, though he was full of years and honors, finds pathetic proof in unfinished sections and chapters, some of which the trans-

lator vainly endeavors to fill out. Professor Rudolph von Ihering was one of the greatest civil lawyers this world has seen, and he was also, by reason of his powers of reasoning and insight, a great archæologist, and more particularly an Assyriologist. To his methods Professor Max Müller has long paid the highest tribute, that of open and confessed imitation after sitting at his feet as a disciple. All the German civilian's great abilities are sufficiently shown in this last book of his which he intended to be his *magnum opus* in the borderland between law and the sciences. It may be described, in the translator's phrase, as a work upon prehistoric humanity, the reasoning of which is based "far more often upon facts and upon customs than on mere words and expressions."

Among the warring factions of philologists von Ihering's method looms with its sensible, straightforward, convincing array of arguments. It is as simple as comprehensible, and may be briefly described thus: Availing himself of the fact familiar to every student of law, that legal observances other than statutory are merely crystallized customs, he analyzes these laws by the probable purpose behind the unknown law-giver. In this way he finds in the Roman observance of the *ver sacrum* well authenticated—so far as logic can authenticate—evidence of the actual migratory period of the daughter-nation of the Aryans, and in other laws other evidences of an antiquity supposedly lost beyond recovery. Coupled with the profoundest erudition in the law of Rome, still the law of civilization is the mental poise which lawyers like to believe is typical of the profession, but which is rather the point of view of the scientist to whom special pleading is synonymous with falsification of fact. Von Ihering is both lawyer and man of science, civilian and archæologist.

Passing from his own field to the knowledge placed at the disposal of the world by the Assyriologist, the learned professor is able to fill in the gap between the end of Babylonian and the beginning of Aryan history by a close, compact, and cogent statement of probabilities, which places his work with that of Maine, Quatrefages, and others who argue from a stone or a sentiment to a civilization as Agassiz argued from a scale to a fish. From the *fænus nauticus* of Babylon, to take one of his most brilliant examples, von Ihering demonstrates that there, and not in Phoenicia, arose the practice of maritime navigation and all international commerce. This discovery he supports by the law of *instar mercatoris* and the deluge legends until the reader admits the truth of a contention lost in the mists of six thousand years.

Among other instances of this acumen is the theory advanced of the Sabbath, which von Ihering holds to be the outcome of public works undertaken on the banks of the Euphrates before Usher's chronology begins to run. None but slaves could be made to perform a labor as gigantic as that involved in raising a wall three hundred feet high, one hun-

dred feet wide and sixty miles long such as surrounded old Babylon. From these bondmen their task-masters would early learn, as a question of economy, the exigence of a regular day of rest. Being Semites and so using a duodecimal system of numeration, they labored six days and then rested, since twelve did not bring the desired balance between rest and work. Had they been Aryans with a decimal system, von Thieren concludes, they would have delved five days and rested the sixth. In his view the figure seven is involved only because it chances to be next larger than six, nothing more. No less original is his statement that Aryan knowledge of the plow would have given Europe to the Semite. With the plow a hundred can live where a single nomad exists. Philologists are agreed that the Aryan was a nomad. Give him the implements, and hunger for more land, the *terrae sacrae fames* which has brought the race to San Francisco and Vladivostock would have remained unknown. The plow would have held the race in Asia and left Europe for the commercial conquest of the Semites.

For this masterful work the English-speaking world is indebted to Mr. Drucker, even though an occasional phrase, neither German nor English, bears witness to his imagination rather than his accuracy.

THE INSURGENTS MUST FIGHT

SPANISH JOHN.—*By William McLennan. Illustrated by F. De Myrbach. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.*

WITH Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, the joy of brave reading came to many, and to many came the laudable desire of writing what might prove brave reading to others, and in time the market was full of brave reading selling bravely.

The market is still full; it is getting fuller every day; there is a bevel over the top; one lump of sugar and the teacup would overflow. Indeed there are already drops chasing one another, in ever increasing numbers, down the smooth sides.

Spanish John is just such an unfortunate—a drop, not in the bucket, but in the overflow—an inanimate drop without any microbes in it.

We demand, to-day, one of three things in a story of adventure. We demand either *characters* or an *interesting plot* or *writing as such*. Mr. William McLennan demands less. Somebody, on whose word he thoroughly relied, probably said to him: "In stories of adventure, although a well-constructed plot is an advantage, there need be only a series of adventures occurring to the same group of persons. The interest of boys will remain alert if there is one good adventure in each chapter."

Accordingly, Mr. McLennan sat down and produced *Spanish John*. He followed his formula pretty well, but he omitted the "good adventure" from each particular chapter. He was probably not addressing himself to boys. In fact it is difficult to say exactly for whom he was writing—surely not for analysts, surely not for judges of writing, and surely, surely, surely not for money. For whom then, or for what? At a guess—he was attempting to write brave reading for readers; he succeeded in writing reading for brave readers.

Spanish John is the story of a man who was in his prime at the time of Culloden, who at the age of twelve threw the villain on his back, and was about to kill him, and did n't; who at the age of manhood worsted the villain in a contest of swords, but, instead of killing him, cut off his ears. There is no pretty girl in the book, there is no good dialogue, there is no brave reading.

Spanish John is dull, unimaginative, long, and prolix.

Mr. McLennan says—first mouth, right in the dedication to Mr. McLennan père—that the book is the "result of long talks over old days, old manners, and old memories." Enough said. It is not worth hurting feelings over. It is a perfectly pure, dull book for the children, without microbes or brave reading. Incidentally, it has a red cover with a picture of somebody's coat-of-arms on it.

THE FINAL WHITMAN

LEAVES OF GRASS.—*By Walt Whitman. 12mo. Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.00.*

IT is possible here to welcome an edition of Whitman's works, which is not only definitive of his poetry, but a well-appointed book in every essential respect. It contains the "Leaves of Grass," with all the additions successively incorporated with it,—the "Sands at Seventy," and "Good Bye My Fancy." Though the announcement has been made of a similarly final edition of the prose works, the essay, "A Backward Glance O'er Travelled Roads," is here given place—without explanation or apparent reason. There is also a new portrait of Whitman, by way of frontispiece, taken from a photograph made in 1880; a lithographed reproduction of the original draft of "After the Supper and the Talk," and finally, a new and concluding chapter containing thirteen titles, some of which appear here for the first time.

It is difficult for a student of contemporaneous verse and criticism to find an unprejudiced point of view from which to consider these final contributions of Whitman's to literature. They are assuredly not "barbaric yawps," and yet the "majesty of rhythm," which Rossetti discerned in others of his lines is not particularly manifest here. There is nothing in them to indicate that the author is not as far removed from the tramp of Mr. J. J. Chap-

MISCELLANY

man as from the demigod of Mr. John Burroughs. "To the better qualities discernible in the voluminous and incoherent effusions of Walt Whitman," says Mr. Swinburne, "it should not be difficult for any reader not unduly exasperated by the rabid idiocy of the Whitmaniacs to do full and ample justice; for those qualities are no less simple and obvious than laudable and valuable." Yet there are matters in this very essay on "Whitmania" quite as exasperating to the dispassionate critic as anything written by John Addington Symonds or Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs.

Those who agree with Professor Dowden that here, at least, is the "Poet of Democracy" will rejoice to find among these newly published numbers one which may be placed as a crown upon that philosophy of universal union they have discerned permeating Whitman's work: "One thought ever at the fore," he writes,

"One thought ever at the fore—
That in the Divine Ship, the World, breasting
Time and Space,
All Peoples of the globe together sail, sail the same
voyage, are bound to the same destination."

But considerations of mere philosophical theories disappear in view of the fact that here is an old man's last deliberate composition, "A Thought of Columbus," written a few months before his death; that this final chapter bears the name he selected at that time for it "Old Age Echoes," bespeaking our sympathy and kindness for its contents thereby; that here are the lines on "Supplement Hours," which contain all that is vital in verse, and the following, which should endear both itself and its author to many minds:

"While behind all, firm and erect as ever,
Undismayed amid the rapids—amid the irresistible
and deadly surge,
Stands a helmsman, with brow elate and strong
hand."

BOOKS RECEIVED

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

A SON OF ISRAEL.—By Rachel Penn. 12mo. \$1.25.
THE EMBASSY BALL.—By Virginia Rosalie Cox. 12mo.
MEN, WOMEN, AND MANNERS IN COLONIAL TIMES.—By J. G. Fisher. Illustrated. 2 vols. 12mo. \$8.00.
BROKENBURN: A SOUTHERN AUNTIE'S WAR TALE.—By Virginia Frazer Boyle. 8vo. Illustrated. \$1.50.

HARPER & BROS.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, 1897.—4to. Illustrated. \$8.50.
LIN MCLEAN.—By Owen Wister. 12mo. Illustrated. \$1.50.
JIMTY.—By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. 12mo. Illustrated. \$1.50.
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Seidl has been offered the conductorship of the Hamburg Stadt-theater, an opera house whose performances, under the direction of the late Herr Pollini, have been among the finest in Europe. Recognizing Seidl's fame, the newly appointed director lost no time in cabling him this offer. Whether he will accept seems to depend largely upon what concert work he can be guaranteed outside the opera. He wants a permanent orchestra for concerts, and the lack of a properly subsidized one in New York is apparently his only objection to remaining in the city where his reputation as an operatic conductor has been largely made. Under the existing state of things he maintains that insufficient rehearsals render impossible the best work. To this cause he ascribes a blunder at a late Seidl concert. Towards the close of a trill that was being executed by Paul Tidden in the MacDowell concerto the orchestra should have come in. It did not, however. Mr. Tidden, equal to the occasion, kept trilling on and on until the orchestra fell into line. The incident proved, as Mr. MacDowell remarked, that Mr. Tidden could trill wonderfully well, but it was naturally very annoying to Seidl.

Mr. John Gilmer Speed has made some rather amusing computations concerning last year's publishing season in America. He says:

Last year 3,200 books were printed in this country by American authors. Of these books it is safe to say that two-thirds were arranged for, and this leaves about one thousand books which were the result of voluntary offerings.

I have been told, and I quite believe it, that one hundred books are submitted to the publishers where one is accepted. This being granted, these 1,000 volumes represent the survival of 101,000 books in manuscript.

Consider for a moment the amount of manual labor that must have been used to make these 100,000 rejected books.

It takes at least four months to make an average book, and therefore 400,000 months of one man's labor was used to produce these manuscripts. Four hundred thousand months equals 48,000,000 days.

If these ineffectual writers of last year had been employed at \$1.50 a day they would in the aggregate have earned \$72,000,000, which is more, I fancy, than all the books sold in the country during the year brought at retail prices.

Or suppose these writers had received for their work each a gripman's wages, then the aggregate amount would have been \$120,000,000—not enough to pay the pensioners of the government, but enough to support the army and navy of the United States for two whole years.

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